

BRITONS, *Strike Home:*

OR, THE

SAILOR'S REHEARSAL.

A F A R C E.

As it is Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL,  
By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

---

Written by Mr. EDWARD PHILLIPS.

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With the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in  
*Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.*

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## PROLOGUE.

**O**F late Successful Authors have been few,  
Yet others still you find their Loss renew,  
For now we so abound with Men of Parts,  
That soon as one is Damn'd, another starts:

Hence hum'rous Wits in pleasantry have said  
From modern Dullness a new Hydra's bred,  
And each fresh Poet represents a Head:  
For so prolifick is the Scribbling Race,  
Lopp one, and two strait start to fill his Place:  
But though with such a Quickness they succeed,  
You full as soon are of their Presence freed,  
The Monster-Issue you attack with Joy,  
Resolv'd Theatrick Dullness to destroy.

When so refin'd the Judgment of the Age,  
When such the Task your Favour to engage,  
How daring is the Author of to Night,  
To hope Success, and aim to give Delight?  
So strange his Faith, to Criticks he applies  
For their good Nature, and on that Relies,  
From Crisis of the Times and where he lays  
His Scene, he thinks himself insur'd of Praise:  
What though your Wishes are no longer Vain,  
What though you now will curb the Pride of Spain,  
What though in the St. Joseph lies our Scene.  
Criticks will show their Judgment and their Skill,  
And Dullness damn'd, be when and where it will:

But

## PROLOGUE.

*But if there should appear in his Defence  
The dawn of Humour, and some claim of Sense:  
Suspend to Night at least Theatrick Laws,  
And kindly view the Characters he draws;  
Instead of Rules and Language, Plot and Art,  
Accept the Tribute of a British Heart;  
And let not your least Triumph over Spain  
Conduce to give one Englishman a Pain.*



**Dramatis**



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The Quaker's Opera.  
Robin Hood.  
The Generous Free-Mason.  
Tumble-down Dick; or, Phaeton in the Suds.

# Dramatis Personæ.

Sir John Freehold,	Mr. <i>Winstone.</i>
Captain Briton,	Mr. <i>Berry.</i>
Lieutenant Meanwell,	Mr. <i>Macklin.</i>
Mr. Export,	Mr. <i>Turbutt.</i>
Dapperwit,	Mr. <i>Woodward.</i>
Father Dominique,	Mr. <i>Taswell.</i>
Capstern, a <i>Boatswain,</i>	Mr. <i>Marten.</i>
Foremast, <i>alias</i> Don Guarda Costa,	Mr. <i>Ridout.</i>
Bowsprit, <i>alias</i> Don Superbo Hispaniolo Pistole,	Mr. <i>Tates.</i>
Starboard,	Mr. <i>Reed.</i>
Helmalee,	Mr. <i>Woodburn.</i>
Don Jack,	Mr. <i>Leigh.</i>
Don Will,	Mr. <i>Gray.</i>

Miss Kitty, Daughter to Sir John, }  
*alias*, Donna Americana, } Mrs. *Oliver.*

*A Crew of English Sailors in Spanish Dresses.*

*A Crew of English Sailors, &c.*



# BRITONS, STRIKE HOME;

O R,

## *The* SAILORS REHEARSAL.

---

SCENE, *The Great Cabbin on board the St. Joseph, one of the Caracca Ships taken from the Spaniards.*

*Enter Captain Briton, Mr. Export, Sir John Freehold, and Dapperwit.*

E X P O R T.



APTAIN *Briton*, we are oblig'd to you for the Reception which you have given us here aboard the *St. Joseph*.

*Briton*. I am glad, *Mr. Export*, that the *St. Joseph* has the Honour to have an *English* Merchant aboard her in the *English* Channel.

*Sir John*. Right, Captain, in the *English* Channel.

— But come, Captain, we must see this same Re-

B

hearsal

2 BRITONS, *Strike home ; Or,*

hearsal of your Sailors before we go ; Mr. *Export* may be diverted with it, and my Nephew, Mr. *Dapperwit*, is esteem'd a Critick at *London*.

*Brit.* Sir *John Freebold*, you know it was intended only as a little Diversion for a select Company of Friends whom I expected o'board to-morrow Evening ; a little piece of Drollery, the Hint of which my Lieutenant took from the Humours of our *English* Sailors, and has made what he calls a *Dramatick* Piece.

*Dap.* I'faith, Sir, I like the Design, and wish it may be well conducted.

*Brit.* Lieutenant *Meanwell*, who is the Author, must answer for that ; as for me, Sir, I am but an humble Performer.

*Exp.* Nay, since you act a Part yourself, we mustn't be deny'd, Captain.

*Sir John.* Yes, the Captain acts one Part, and my Daughter *Kitty* plays another ; I havn't seen the little Baggage rehearse it, therefore we will stay and see your Performance.

*Brit.* Well, Gentlemen, if the Fellows are ready in their Parts, and Miss in her Songs, we'll do what we can to oblige you. I'll step to the Author, who is very busy in giving them Instructions ; but here he comes. — So, Lieutenant, are —

*Enter Meanwell.*

*Mean.* Hold, Sir, no military Titles at present ; I insist to be treated in this Cabbin, while I represent an Author, according to the Form of my Poetical Character ; for I have so order'd things, that the Rehearsal



*The SAILORS REHEARSAL.* 3

hearsal to-day shall be done with much more Regularity than if it was upon either of the Stages of *Drury-Lane* or *Covent-Garden*.

*Brit.* I am glad of that, for these Gentlemen stay to see it.

*Mean.* They do me a great Honour. — Sir *John Freebold*, Mr. *Export*, and Sir — I have one Favour to beg of you, which is, That for about half an hour you will forget me as Licutenant *Meanwall*, and suppose me as errant a Mr. *Bays* as ever was fond of his own Productions.

*Sir John.* That we will, you may depend on't.

*Dap.* You seem, Sir, to know something of Dramatick Writing; we may, therefore, be more regularly entertain'd than we could have expected.

*Mean.* Sir!

*Sir John.* That young Gentleman is a Relation of mine, who is acquainted with the manner of the Theatres, and no little Judge in these kind of Performances; he may, perhaps, set you a little to rights now and then.

*Mean.* Look ye, Gentlemen, this is only a little temporary Essay, not calculated for a serious Criticism; but if you will give your Opinions frankly, it may be of some Service to me, as I may amend against to-morrow what I err in to-day; and I hope you will find, that tho' I may not have thought as a Poet, I have always thought like an *Englishman*.

*Exp.* Pr'ythee, no more Apologies; as your Performers are a Crew of brave *English* Sailors, let but the Performance be suited to such Characters, and a Fig for Criticisms. — Come, come, where are the brave jolly Rogues? I long to see 'em.

4 BRITONS, *Strike home*; Or,

*Mean.* They are preparing to appear, according to the variety of Characters they are to assume; some are got into the *Spanish* Sailors Dresses, and with the Habit of the *Dons* are affecting their grave Solemnity; others, who are to remain as *English* Tarrs, are humming over the Chorus to an *English* Ballad.

*Brit.* Come, Mr. Author, let us begin as soon as possible.

*Mean.* Where's Miss *Freehold*?

*Sir John.* Ay, where's *Kitty*? is she practising her Songs over still?

*Mean.* No, Sir, here she comes; now, Sir, we will begin immediately.

*Enter Miss Kitty.*

*Sir John.* Well, *Kitty*, are you perfect, my Dear?

*Kitty.* I don't know whether I am or no; for notwithstanding all Mr. *Meanwell's* Instructions, I can't tell in what manner to perform the Character which I am to represent.

*Exp.* Pray then, Miss, what is your Character?

*Kitty.* Why, Sir, mine is an imaginary Character, and I am to represent a Lady who never yet had Existence, but in the Head of a Painter, or a Poet.— You must know then, that I am to be—Ha, ha, ha! I cannot but laugh at the Oddity of Mr. *Meanwell's* Conceit; I am to be one of the Quarters of the World.

*Mean.* No less a Character than *America*, a Lady whom Kings and whole Nations sigh after.

*Kitty.* But, Sir, by the Name you have given me of *Donna Americana*, you have made a sort of a *Spaniard*

## The SAILORS REHEARSAL. 5

niard of me; and I would have you to know, Sir, that is a Character by which I shou'dn't care to be distinguished.

*Sir John.* Well said, however! She has the Spirit of the *Freeholds* in her.

*Brit.* But, Madam, to make you amends, he has given you an *English* Lover; and as I, under the Character of an *English* Sea-Captain, represent *Great Britain*, you may be as kind to me as you think proper.

*Kitty.* What! and is your Part an imaginary Affair too? No, Sir, I am for none of your allegorical Lovers.

*Mean.* You wou'd make an excellent Actress, Miss *Kitty*, for you can give yourself as many *Airs*, and be as difficult to be pleas'd already, as if you'd been a Favourite of the Town these six Years.

*Kitty.* But pray, Sir, am I to have no more Songs?

*Mean.* No, Madam, for I had some Thoughts of cutting out those you have; for, according to Propriety, you shou'd not sing at all; your's is a political Part, and would you have Politicks set to a Tune?

*Kitty.* Yes, Sir, there's a great deal in having Politicks set to a proper Tune; thank our Stars, they have lately been set to the Tune of *Britons*, *strike home*; and there is not an *Englishman* in the Kingdom, but thinks it the best Tune that has been play'd these several Years.

*Sir John.* There's a brave Girl! i'faith, she has made it out.

*Kitty.*

*Kitty.* O, Sir, I have observed that Tunes and Songs have a very great effect on Publick Affairs, and I know no better way of proving the Truth of my Observation than by a Song.

## AIR I.



*While on Faronelli's Tongue*

*Britons idly raptur'd hung;*

*What tho' Ships and Men were lost,*

*They could still their Charmer boast;*

*'Till Spain, to shew what she cou'd do,*

*Wou'd have their Ships, and Charmer too.*

*Boast, O Spain, thy tuneful Prize,*

*We to nobler Joys arise;*

*All his thrilling Airs forgot,*

*Britons now have chang'd their Note;*

*Their native Songs with them agree,*

*Which fire 'em to be Brave and Free.*



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*As there's Power in a Tune,  
Let the Musick be our own;  
When we hear, To Arms! To Arms!  
What Breast feels not War's Alarms?  
Nor can proud Spain insult us long,  
While still Strike home shall close the Song.*

*Mean.* Madam, I stand convicted; I wish I had been less critically nice, and had given you more Songs, or had now Time to add 'em; but if you are contented with such as you have, I have only a few necessary Instructions to give my Sailors, and then we'll begin.

*Kitty.* In the mean time I'll go dress myself, according to the Directions you gave me. [Exit Kitty.]

*Mean.* And, without Ceremony, Captain, I must beg you to be ready with your Crew, which I'll send to you this moment.

*Brit.* You may depend on me. Gentlemen, I leave you under Mr. *Meanwell's* Conduct. [Exit Brit.]

*Dap.* Then, Sir, if you please we'll attend you, and take a View of your *Dramatis Personæ*.

*Sir John.* The Rogues are all rigg'd by this time, I suppose, and it may be entertaining to see the Preparatory Scene.

*Mean.* You will then, I assure you, have a Scene of Nature; for it was from their own Frolick and Humour that our Design of a Farce first took its Rise.

[Sailors sing without.]

*Exp.* How merry the Rogues are? Pray let us have a little View of 'em, without being observed.

*Mean.* Come then, Gentlemen.

*Sir John.* We'll follow you.

[Exeunt.]

*The*

8 BRITONS, *Strike home; Or,*

*The Back-Scene opens, and discovers a great number of Sailors; some drest like Spaniards, others like English; they come forward singing the Last Part of the Tune, To the Hundreds of Drury, &c. as they come down the Stage,*

*Enter Meanwell, &c.*

*Capst.* Ha! Don Jack! What cheer?

*Spa. Sail.* Don Will. Capstern! *Baso los Manos.*

*Capst.* Don me no Dons!

*Spa. Sail.* Signior Angles, Don is the Title, Nobilissimo.

*Capst.* But, I hope, I have ne'er a Countryman scandalous enough to chuse to be stigmatiz'd with the Honour.

*Eng. Sail.* Well, Boatswain, now we are all rigg'd, I suppose we shall soon come to Action, Hah!

*Capst.* That we shall; therefore, Cockeys, we'll sheer off from these Gentlemen Spaniards, 'till we fall foul of 'em by and by.

*[Separates the English Sailors to him.]*

*Forem.* You're a sad Dog, Capstern; why do you bear away, we are not Spaniards as yet.

*Capst.* You represent a more sad Dog, Jack Foremast, alias, Don Guarda Costa; I beg your Donship's Pardon, for not giving you your proper Title, therefore, if I lie longer o' broad-side of you, I shall board you before the Word of Command.

*Bowsp.* You may really bully as you will, Mr. English Jack Addle, but we shall fetch you up with a wet Sail presently.

*Capst.*

**The SAILORS REHEARSAL. 9**

*Capst.* You speak that, *Bowsprit*, as *Don Superbo Hispaniolo Pistole*, Representative of *Old Spain*.

*Bowspr.* I do, Signior *Angles*.

*Capst.* Then, instead of fetching us up with a wet Sail, I believe you'll be glad of a wet Sail to get from us.

*Mean.* I must go.

[Striving to get from *Export*, who holds him.]

*Exp.* No, pr'ythee let 'em alone.

*Mean.* Pray, Sir, let me go; they'll play half the Substance of the Farce out among themselves. [Goes to 'em.] So, my Lads, what, all rigg'd? all ready, fore and aft?

*Forem.* So ready, that *Capstern* had almost begun the Engagement.

*Mean.* O, he has a downright Antipathy to the Resemblance of a *Spaniard*, ever since he was Prisoner at the *Honduras*.—But come, Boys, you that are the Dons, retreat to the Places I assign'd ye, and enter as I directed; and you, *Capstern*, with the *English* Crew, haste to Captain *Briton*.

*Capst.* But, Lieutenant, with your Honour's Permission, what if we'd a little kind of a Prologuing Ballad, and my Mates here bore a Bob.

*Mean.* But, Boatswain, I have not made such a one.

*Capst.* But I have made one my own self, if your Honours please to hear it.

*Mean.* With all my Heart.

*Exp.* and *Sir John.* Ay, ay, by all means.

*Capst.* Come then, my Lads, bear a Hand.

## AIR II.



As the War is begun, my brave Boys,  
 Let's frolick awhile, and be jolly,  
 When Jack Spaniard no longer annoys,  
 To look sneaking and rum were a Folly:  
 Though our Ships the Dons plunder'd at Will,  
 And maim'd the true Cooks o' the Nation,  
 We of Plund'ring will give 'em their fill,  
 And make 'em repent Depredation.

Then true Hearts and sound bottoms confess'd,  
 Some Drollery let us act o'er, Boys;  
 And tho' we may play it in jest,  
 'Twill rouse up our Courage the more, Boys;  
 Then let each English Sailor be gay,  
 For the Dons shall now find to their Sorrow,  
 We their Jackets can trim well to-day,  
 And can trim 'em again, Lads, to-morrow.

[Exeunt Singing. Scene closes.  
 Mean.



## The SAILORS REHEARSAL. II

*Mean.* Mr. *Export*, you are a trading Gentleman, what think you of the Humour of our Fellows?

*Exp.* What every Trading Man in the Nation either thinks, or ought to think, that they are the Support of Trade.

*Mean.* They are the Sons of Liberty, Sir *John*.

*Sir John.* And the best Defence of it; the landed Gentlemen of this Isle wou'd make but an ill Figure without 'em.

*Dap.* But hark you, Mr. *Meanwell*, it is well this is to be a private Representation.

*Mean.* Why, Mr. *Dapperwit*?

*Dap.* It might be liable to several Political Objections, I perceive already.

*Mean.* Pray, what are they?

*Dap.* Why, really, they don't occur immediately to me; but I find, by your *Spaniard*, your *Englishman*, and *Donna Americana*, that this is an Allegorical Affair, from which several *Inuendo's* might be drawn.

*Mean.* I believe, Sir, if the Representation was ever so publick, all the Spectators would make the same *Inuendo*, viz. That as his Majesty has vindicated the Freedom of his Subjects, the Security of their Trade, and the Honour of the *British* Flag, all his Subjects in general are rejoiced at it.

*Exp.* 'Tis true, they are so: But pray, Sir, may it not be interpreted that it was owing to the Vanity of the *English*, at this Juncture, to be joking on the *Spaniards*?

*Mean.* No, Sir; for it cannot but be allow'd a fair Retaliation. The *English* have long been a joke to

12 BRITONS, *Strike home; or,*

the *Spaniards*; why then, in return, shou'd not the *Spaniards* prove a little Joke to the *English*?

*Sir John.* Ay, why not? And I wish we may keep the old *English* Proverb on our side, *Let them laugh that win.*

*Mean.* Come, Gentlemen, will ye sit? Here, *Star-board*, bring some Chairs.

*Enter Sailors with Chairs.*

Are ye ready, Lad?

*Sail.* Please your Honour, we are all ready; but there has been a little Mishap on Deck.

*Mean.* What d'ye mean?

*Sail.* Why, please your Honour, the twelve Yards and half of Sea that were drying upon the Shrouds, are fell over-board, so that the Devil a Wave have we left of our whole *American* Ocean.

*Mean.* So, there's my Sea-view lost, with which I intended to have charm'd the Spectators at the first Opening.

*Sir John.* Well, well, what signifies a little Sea, a little painted Canvass?

*Mean.* What signifies my Sea? Why, Sir, on that very Canvass depended the Success of my whole Scene. — You don't know, Sir, on what trifling Things we Authors lay a Dependance.

*Dap.* Right, for they attribute their being damn'd to any thing but their own Dulness.

*Mean.* Since Fate will have it so, bid *Don Guarda Costa* march on with his *English* Prisoners, instead of landing from the Boat-side. — Come, Sirs, will ye sit?

## The SAILORS REHEARSAL. 13

fit? I must hint to ye, Gentlemen, that my first Scenes lie in the *Havannah*. — Enter *Don Guarda Costa*, with Prisoners. — Begin.

*Enter Don Guarda Costa, and Spanish Sailors, with Pistols, and Swords drawn, guarding Captain Briton and the English Crew in Chains.*

*Brit.* I tell you, *Don*, a more unjust Capture was never made.

*D. Guard.* I tell you, *Englishman*, that I have made you a Prize is enough for me.

*Brit.* But what Authority had you to Board, Search, and Plunder an *English* Vessel, when she was steering a fair Course, without carrying on any contraband Trade?

*D. Guard.* In these, our *American* Seas, no *English* Vessel shall steer any Course without meeting with the same Fate, carry on what Trade she will. But pray, Captain *Briton*, had you known our Design, what could you have done, when my Ship exceeded yours in Force, and my Men in Number?

*Brit.* Have done! Why, we would have given you Broadside for Broadside as long as my Vessel could have swum, and then have blown her up, or sunk a-long-side of you; we'd have liv'd and dy'd like *Englishmen*.

*D. Guard.* Your Nation talk of acting Wonders.

*Capst.* Signior, our Nation has acted Wonders; and, Signior, your Nation will find it can act Wonders again, whenever it pleases.

*D. Guard.* What means this Insolence? Sirrahs, I'll find a way to humble your Spirits, I warrant: The  
Air;

14 BRITONS, *Strike home; or,*

Air, Diet, and Usage of our *Havannah* will not, I suppose, agree better with you than the rest of your Countrymen.

*Brit.* Surely, *Don*, you will use us like Men.

*D. Guard.* Yes, like *Englishmen*, we have several times sent to *England* a Specimen of what Usage your Nation is to expect.

*Brit.* Your Cruelties on the *English* are as undoubted, as that your Masters have always promis'd a just Reparation.

*D. Guard.* Promis'd! Ha, ha, ha! and when do your Countrymen expect a Performance?

*Capt.* They have too much Honour, that's all. — But the Wind will chop about, and a *British* Fleet will soon have Reparation.

*D. Guard.* Sirrah, are you bearing up again? Captain, order your Fellows to talk with less boldness.

*Brit.* Signior, these are Men who always speak with that Liberty they were born to, and act with such Spirit as that Liberty ought to inspire; in all Turns of Fate, my Lads, be still *Englishmen*.

*Omnes Engl. Sail.* That we will, never fear, Captain.

*Enter Spanish Sailor.*

*Spa. Sail.* Signior, the Governor waits to pass Sentence on the *English* Captain.

*D. Guard.* 'Tis well. — Captain, you must go with me. Signiors, guard those Sons of Liberty to a Dungeon, and give 'em the usual *Regimen*. When the want of *English* Beef and Pudding has been supply'd by our *Spanish* Diet, their Notions of Freedom  
and



## The SAILORS REHEARSAL. 25

and Courage may be somewhat chang'd. — Come, Sir.

*Bri.* Let me just speak to my poor Fellows.

*D. Guard.* Be short, then.

[*Briton shakes Hands with his Crew, then, standing in the middle of 'em, sings.*

### A I R III.



*Come, the Mates of my Fortune, be cheery,*

*No Distress shou'd the Sailor alarms;*

*As the Needle be true, and ne'er fear ye,*

*I'll warrant we'll weather the Storm.*

*Shew, my Lads, that your true English Spirit*

*The same in each Climate can be;*

*This still be your Comfort and Merit,*

*That still, in your Hearts, you are free.*

*As to British Freedom we're born, Boys,*

*Let nothing that Freedom controul;*

*But look on your Chains with a Scorn, Boys,*

*So shall each still be free in his Soul.*

No

16 BRITONS, Strike home; or,

*No dastardly Thoughts then admitting,  
With true loyal Hearts we will sing,  
Heav'n prosper the Arms of Old Britain,  
And th' Honour protect of our King!*

*At the Helm they so true, and so steady,  
Will steer us a Course that is right,  
The proud Dons then shall down with the Ready,  
They shall either refund, or shall fight.*

D. Guard. We must not suffer this —

*[Takes him from the English Crew; as he is going,  
he stops, and sings the next Verse.*

*To refund may they give a Denial,  
That Denial shall crown all our Joys;  
Of our Courage we'll then shew a Trial,  
And besides touch their Gold, my brave Boys.  
Chorus of Sailors, To refund, &c.*

*[Exeunt D. Guarda Costa and C. Briton, guarded  
by two Spanish Sailors, at one Door. Exeunt Sai-  
lors, guarded, at the other.*

Mean. Thus, Gentlemen, ends my First Scene.

Dap. Which give me leave to object to; what  
your Spaniard and Englishman say in it is too se-  
rious.

Exp. But 'tis too true.

Dap. But, in Dramatick Writing, there shou'd al-  
ways be some Fiction mixt with Truth.

Sir' John. To represent the Depredations and In-

fulc

*The SAILORS REHEARSAL.* 17

sults which our Merchants, and Captains have suffer'd, needs no Invention, nor heightening, I think.

*Mean.* Why really, Gentlemen, I have confin'd myself in this Scene entirely to Truth: 'Twas too known a Piece of History, to make any Poetical Deviation from; however, in my next, I have flung in a little Fiction; but am afraid the Character of *America* will seem so fictitious, that it will seem unintelligible.

*Dap.* Have you made it a Character of any Spirit?

*Mean.* If I have not, the Lady, who plays it, I believe will; for she puts in, or leaves out o'th' Part, what she thinks proper, and talks with the Life and Sentiments of an *Englishwoman*; therefore, pray don't insist on Decorum and Critical Punctualities.

*Sir John.* Never mind them; but where is the little Gipsy?

*Mean.* Come—Enter *Donna Americana*, and the rest of ye.

*Enter Donna Americana, Father Dominique, leading her; Don Guarda Costa, Spaniards, and Captain Briton, with English Sailors unchain'd.*

*D. Am.* You have heard, Captain *Briton*, what Sentence the Council have pass'd on you—You and your Crew, have their Liberty, but your Vessel and Goods are condemn'd.

*Brit.* But I will appeal.—

*D. Guard.* To our *Spanish* Court; ay do, 'twill be to much Purpose.

*Brit.*

*D.*

*Brit.*

*Brit.* No, I'll appeal to a *British* Monarch, who will see Justice done his Subjects, and revenge the Insolence of that haughty People.

*D. Am.* In my Opinion, Signiors, you treat the *Englishmen*, with too much severity.

*D. Guard.* Whatever we do, is in defence of your Properties.

*D. Am.* O Signior, you are so trusty a Guardian, that you wou'd let no One share my Fortune, but have it yourself; for my part, I don't see why an *Englishman* has not as fair Pretensions to me, as your *Donships*.

*Domin.* No, no, my pretty Maid—you are, as it were, a Spouse contracted by our Church to the *Spanish* Nation.

*D. Am.* A Wife!

*Domin.* Ay, the holy Father of *Rome* drew up the Marriage Settlements, by the inspiration of St. *Dominique*, and then gave you away, by the infallible Authority of his Papal Bull.

*Capst.* But heark you, Father, the more infallible Authority of some *English* Bombs may divorce the Match.

*D. Am.* Then this claim of Marriage is the reason, Don, that you use me here as you use your Wives in *Europe*, with much Jealousy, and much Tyranny; but as I'm grown acquainted with the Customs and Freedom of the *English*, 'tis their own Fault, if they don't partake of my Favours, for if our Sex has a mind to grant a Favour, hinder us if you can, Signior.



# The SAILORS REHEARSAL. 19

## AIR IV.



*Useless is the Man's Endeavour  
To Restrain a Woman's Mind;  
For if she will grant the Favour,  
By her Wit,  
She will hit*

*On sure Methods to be kind.*

*If your Wit and Power proving,  
To your Aid all Arts you call,  
She will in the Art of Loving,  
By one Rule,  
She can fool,*

*Fool the wisest of ye all.*

*D. Guard.* What Liberty, Signiora, you may have to grant Favours, will appear soon; in the mean time, Captain, you and your Crew must instantly depart in a Vessel that lies in the Port; if ye remain in the Island two Hours——up with ye to the Yard-Arm,——I'll hang every one of ye. [*Exit D. Guard. and Spaniards.*]  
*Capst.* And what, Captain, must old England strike to a pack of Spanish Pirates?

*Brit.* No, my Boy; let those at home but give the Word, and there are true *British* Hearts enough ready o revenge our Wrongs.

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AIR

## AIR V.



*Arm, Arm, you Sons of Britain, Arm;  
 Let your generous Bosoms glow,  
 Let your true Hearts, with Vengeance warm,  
 Pant to strike th' avenging Blow.  
 Prove round the World, from Shore to Shore,  
 Free as your Hearts, your Navigation;  
 And for the Insults ye have bore,  
 Have, my brave Boys, full Reparation:  
 To all, to all the World maintain,  
 You will be Masters of the Main.*

*Chorus of Sailors, Prove round the World, &c.*

*[Exeunt.]*

*Exp.* I hope, Sir, the concluding Wish of your Sailors will be accomplish'd.

*Sir John.* I don't doubt it; but I am afraid your little *American Lady*, will be thought to speak too much like a *Lady of London*.

*Mean.* She is like the real great Actresses; she will do as she will, and is of too much Consequence for an Author to contradict her.

*Exp.*

**The SAILORS REHEARSAL. 21**

*Exp.* But, I think, she is excusable for this Reason; as she is a Representative Character, she has full Power to speak and act, as she thinks proper.

*Sir John.* But come, Mr. Author, how do we go on?

*Mean.* O, Sir, we have run a great-length imperceptibly; but you are now no longer in the *Havannah*, but in *Europe*; for my next Scene lies o' board the *St. Joseph*; you are now very near being boarded by the *English* Sailors.—Nay, be not surpriz'd—We Authors, by a *Poetical Licentiâ* can do strange things.

*Dap.* But, Sir, have not you introduc'd a Sea-Fight?

*Mean.* No, Sir.

*Dap.* What pity, Sir, 'tis, that you have not a Genius for Stage-Wit—why, one of your Dramatick Wits at *London*, on such an Occasion, wou'd have introduc'd Squadrons, and Lines of Battle, and every Day added Reinforcement on Reinforcement, till he had shewn the whole *British* Navy.

*Mean.* There are some surprizing Genius's there, I must confess. [*Sailors Huzza without.*]

*Exp.* Pray, what's the Meaning of that?

[*Huzza again.*]

*Mean.* There, there, she is just boarded; come, Gentlemen, will ye sit down? [*They sit.*]

*Enter English Sailors, with Spanish Prisoners.*

*Capt.* Come, come along, my Dons—what d'ye tremble so for? shew us but where your *Spanish* Pistoles are, and we'll not hurt a Hair of your Head—Though, ye Dogs, your Nation, richly deserves bloody Reprisals—

22 BRITONS, *Strike home: or,*

zals—but remember that the *English* are too generous Souls to make e'm.

*Spa. Sail.* O Signior, *Baso los Manos*, Signior *Angles!*

*Capst.* What? now 'tis *Baso los Manos*? what a strange Effect an *English* Broadside has on the Temper and Language of a *Spaniard*?

*Enter English Sailors, hawling in the Dominican Fryar.*

*Domin.* Ab Miserere, Miserere—*Santo Dominique, Santo Dominique.*

*Capst.* What's the matter there?

*Eng. Sail.* Why, Boatswain, we found the Fryar stow'd under the Hatches.

*Capst.* Father Infallibility, I must have a little Conversation with you, let's rummage, Father, let's rummage, where are your Pistoles?

*Domin.* O, my good Son, forbear.—I am only a poor Churchman; our Order has no worldly Views; our Aim is only at Things above.

*Capst.* A Priest, without worldly Views, is a greater Miracle than any your Church pretends to—ha! what's here? Pistoles! Ay, ay, right worldly Gold, Boys—what, my poor Churchman, your Aims are only at Things above!

*Domin.* Hold, Sacrilegious Wretch? would'st thou make a Prey of what belongs to the Church?

*Capst.* Only, Father, that your Holy Care about the Goods of the Church, may not stop your Course upwards—These—these, are heavy, Father, they might hinder your going a-loft.

*Eng. Sail.* Boatswain, Boatswain, —hip—the Outlandish Parson has, I believe, got another Parcel sew'd up here.

*Capst.*



*The SAILORS REHEARSAL: 23*

*Capst.* Ay, ay, here they are; why, Father, we must cut you up, we must dissect you in every Seam.

*Domin.* O vile Heretick!

*Capst.* And I tell you what, Father, we shall find in your Habit what I never expected—Something truly good: Come, bring him along.

*Domin.* O *Santo Dominique*, and all *de Santos* avenge the Church, and protect the Honour of *Spain*.

*Capst.* St. *George* for old *England*; and, Father, he is such a brave Fighting Saint, he'll rout your whole Kalendar: Away with him.

*Domin.* *Ab Miserere! Miserere!*

[*Exeunt Sailors, and Fryar.*]

*Dap.* I find, Mr. *Meanwell*, that this Scene, is a Farcical Episode, if I may so call it, which has no Relation to your Fable.

*Mean.* I don't know what you Criticks mean by Episodes, and Fables; but I think the Scene is a Scene, Sir.

*Dap.* But your Action stands still—what are Captain *Briton*, the *Dons*, and the Lady, your Principal Parts of the *Drama*; what are they about?

*Mean.* Very busy, I assure you, they are in a Conference together about Affairs in *America*; as for the Lady, I see, she has just left 'em, and here she is coming—you shall see the rest presently.

*Dap.* But where do you lay the Scene? and how are the Characters introduc'd?

*Mean.* I don't stand upon how's, and what's, and when's, and where's: The Scene, as I told you, is a Scene, let it lie where it will, and the Characters are Characters, be they introduc'd as they will,  
and

24 BRITONS; *Strike home; or,*

and that's as much as most Modern Stage-Writers can say: but, Gentlemen, this is a Scene of Scenes; 'tis tragical, comical, farcical, operatical, and emblematical, and, egad, I don't know what to say of it, but as a late great Wit did of one of his.

*There is a Meaning in it, and, no doubt,*

*You all have Sense enough to find it out.*

Come, enter *Americana* from the Conference.

*Enter Donna Americana.*

*Sir John.* But why don't you let us see this Conference?

*Mean.* See it? what hear the *Arcana's* of State?

*Exp.* No, no, that wou'd be too much, 'tis enough to see the Issue of it.

*D. Am.* Our Sex, when they have much Wealth to bestow, are sure to have Admirers enough,—Thus it is with me—My *Don* claims me as his lawful; sole Property, and Captain *Briton* affirms, he has a just Pretension to some of my Favours; nor am I without other Gallants, who have their particular Views; but all their Views center in one Point, their own Interest.

# THE SAILORS REHEARSAL. 15

## AIR VI.



Now learn from me, ye wealthy Fair,  
 What venal Things your Lovers are;  
 When trembling at your Feet they lie,  
 And with soft Adoration sigh;  
 What moves that Sigh, that trickling Tear,  
 Your brace of thousand Pounds a-Year.  
 They sigh, they wish—to have and hold,  
 Not the Lady — but the Gold.

They say that Pearls, and Diamonds rise  
 From Teeth so white, and sparkling Eyes,  
 But had we not some Land to spare,  
 The deuce a Jewel had grown there:

E

But

26 BRITONS, *Strike home; or,*

*But Men will have our Wealth, and Heart,  
Then best to give it, is the Art,  
Since we are born to be controul'd,  
Reward the Generous and the Bold.*

*Enter Don Superbo Hispaniolo Pistole, Captain  
Briton, with English Sailors.*

*Exp.* Pray, who is that Spanish Personage, I think we have not seen him before.

*Mean.* That, Sir, is *Don Superbo Hispaniolo Pistole*, a little, shuffling, tricking, strutting, domineering Fellow, the Spanish Representative in Europe.

*D. Super.* I wo't not, *Briton*—no, by all the Gods—I wo't not yield thee aught.

*Brit.* Your blustering, *Don*, is all in Vain, for the Pretensions I have to visit *America*, I will maintain, and insist upon.

*D. Super.* No—still you shall my Wit, and Courage try,

I'll burn, and sink, plunder, and destroy;  
I'll trick, and kick, I'll bluster, huff, and swear,  
And all this I dare do, because I dare.

*Mean.* O Sir, Sir, Sir, that will never do—you don't speak as if you dare do any thing—Sir, you should rise into the Sublimity of Passion, as thus, Sir—no still you shall—&c.

[*Speaks 'em in a bombast manner, after which Pistole repeats them, and goes off with Spaniards.*

*Brit.* Say you so! then, Lads, they shall find that an *Englishman* is too just to draw his Sword without Reason, and too brave to put it up without Honour.



The SAILORS REHEARSAL. 27

AIR VII.



Come, come, my Lads, away, away,  
 All your *Wishes* lie before ye.  
 O'board, o'board, no more delay,  
 Bear up for your share of *Glory*;  
 With royal *Pride* the *British Fleet*,  
 All gallant lets her *Streamers* fly,  
 And all the jovial *Crews* repeat,  
 Now, now, we'll conquer, or we'll die.  
 Chorus, *And all the, &c.*

Good *News* let all our *Merchants* hear,  
 By each *Tide* to *London* flowing;  
 Let us all *British Tradesmen* cheer,  
 By each *Gale* to *Britain* blowing.  
 From *Point to Point*, the *Compass* round,  
 From every *Wind*, change as it will,  
 The *English Sailors* shall be found  
 True *Hearts of Oak*, and valiant still.  
 Chorus, *The English Sailors, &c.* [Exeunt.  
 Come,

Come, come, the Tide to th' Ocean rolls,  
 Chearful Mates their Anchors weighing;  
 Now, Boys, when you're to prove your Souls,  
 Wou'd there One on Shore be staying?  
 No, let us seek the Spanisli Fleet,  
 All gallant let our Streamers fly,  
 And all the jovial Crew repeat,  
 Now, now we'll conquer, or we'll die.

Chorus, *And all the jovial, &c.*

*Mean.* Well, Gentlemen, how like you my Entertainment?

*Exp.* Why, I hope 'tis not over; if 'tis, I must say it Ends very abruptly.

*Sir John.* Why, you have not brought the Affairs of Briton, and Americana, to a proper conclusion.

*Dap.* 'Ifaith, *Meanwell*, you leave us in the same Circumstances, as I once saw an Audience left at *Drury-Lane Theatre*, when one in the Pit was forc'd to ask the Actors if they had done.

*Mean.* Pray, Gentlemen, have a little Patience.—

*Sir John.* Fie, fie, *Meanwell*, what not End with a Marriage? all your Stage-Plays end with a Marriage; let it be brought about how it will.

*Exp.* Or at least a grand Chorus.

*Dap.* One, or other, is absolutely necessary.

*Brit.* Well, Mr. *Bays*, what can you say to obviate these Objections?

*Mean.* Why, as for a Marriage, *Sir John Freehold*, as the Captain represents *Great-Britain*, and the Lady, *America*, what can be more proper, than to have a real Alliance between 'em, and lay the Allegorical One quite aside; and then, for a Chorus, Mr. *Export*, and Mr. *Dapperwit*, I hope, you will accept of one from an honest Crew of *English Sailors*. I hope, Captain, you  
 and

# The SAILORS REHEARSAL. 29

and your Crew, will favour me with the Performance of it.— Come, Enter Capstern, &c.

*Enter Capstern, and English Sailors.*

Captain, pray take your Post o' head o' your Men, and close my irregular Entertainment.

*Brit.* You remember the Chorus, Boys.

*Omnes.* Yes, yes, yes.

## AIR VIII.



Come, my Lads, with Souls besitting,

Let us never be dismay'd,

Let's avenge the Wrongs of Britain,

And support her injur'd Trade.

The true Spirit of the Nation

In our honest Hearts we bring;

True, tho' in an humble Station,

To our Country, and our King.

The true Spirit, &c.

Spain no longer shall assume, Boys,

The free Ocean as her own,

For the Time at last is come, Boys,

We'll their Topsails lower down.

*Tho'*

## BRITONS, Strike home; &amp;c.

*Tho' in Politicks contesting,  
Round, and round, they veer about;  
All their Shifts and Manifesting,  
We will with our Broad-sides rout.  
'Tho' in, &c.*

*On our Naval Strength depending,  
Let us steer old England's Course,  
When affronted, Vengeance sending,  
Shew the World old England's Force.  
Then loud Peals of British Thunder,  
Rattling on each hostile Shore,  
Shall make haughty Dons knock under,  
Nor shall dare insult us more.  
Then loud Peals, &c.*

*May all English Lads, like you, Boys,  
Prove on Shore true Hearts of Gold;  
To their King and Country true, Boys,  
And be neither bought or sold.  
Let the Landmen, without Party,  
Act like Brethren of the Flood;  
To one Cause alone be hearty,  
And be that for Britain's Good.  
Let the Landmen, &c.*

*Then thro' all the mighty Ocean,  
The English Cross shall Honour find,  
Far as Wave can feel a Motion,  
Far as Flag can move with Wind:  
Then insulting Monarchs, shewing  
More Regard, shall humbler be;  
This old Truth of Britons knowing,  
As they're brave, they will be free.  
Then insulting, &c.*





# EPILOGUE.

*Spoke by Mrs. CLIVE and Mr. MACKLIN.*

When, after the last Song, the Actors are retiring,  
Enter Miss Freehold, and taking hold of Meanwell,  
brings him forward.

SHE.

NAY, Sir, come forward.—*What, d'ye think you've done,*

*And thro' the Labours of a Poet run?*

—*Not you, indeed.*—*Come, where's your Epilogue?*

He. *I've none.*

She. ——— *You han't?*

He. ——— *Is that so much in vogue?*

*Of old, an Epilogue to Plays was scarce,*

*And would you have one, Madam, to a Farce?*

She. *Of old? old Wit? — A vain Excuse you bring,*

*For modern Wit is quite another Thing:*

*So fond of Epilogues our Wits are grown,*

*They call for them 'fore half the Farce is done.*

He. *They do? Then how the Duce should Authors know*

*In proper Jests to make their Humour flow?*

*What if a Wag should say, who don't succeed,*

—— *Well, is our Poet damn'd?* ——

She. ——— *Yes, damn'd, indeed,*

*The Pit replies; — and it must be confess'd,*

*Make it who will, a Jest is still a Jest.*

He. *The Pit reply!*

She. ——— *O Sir! the Pit and Stage,*

*At Drury-Lane, oft' tête à tête engage:*

*But*

## E P I L O G U E.

*But that Stage now no Orators can boast,  
 Ah! what a wond'rous Genius have they lost!  
 When Little Bays, of th' other House, was there,  
 He wou'd, on each important Rour, appear;  
 With Tragick Bow, and Tragi-Comick Strain,  
 Address, Retreat, bow low, advance again,  
 Tally—Hear him! — Silence, and attend;  
 Then——not their Pleasures and their Hopes to balk,  
 Then he would talk——Ye Gods! how he would talk!*

*He. But we're in hopes to wage no verbal Fars,  
 No Tragick Dudgeons, or Theatrick Wars,  
 Therefore to bid our Audience Adieu,  
 As proper as you can, I leave to You: [Runs off.*

*She. — [Seems surpris'd, then considers a little,  
 and speaks.*

*Then this—ay, this short humble Thought may do.*

*When Truth's our Subject, who our Plan can blame?  
 The Taking o' th' St. Joseph who will damn?  
 To every Briton That must Joy afford,  
 And sure we have no Spanish Dons aboard:  
 None then with Malice will our Scenes arraign,  
 But they who hate Old England, and love Spain.*

F I N I S.



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